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## ADMINISTRATION Food Distribution Administration

## LET'S PLAY SOLDIER.

By Catherine Beauchamb, Information Specialist, Food Distribution Administration

A Playlet for Young Children on Food Conservation 

Jean: I'm tired playing house.

John: Let's play soldier.

Jean: 'All right. I'll be a nurse.

It isn't much fun just pretending. I want to be a real soldier.

Jean: I know. Let's do things that will really help win the war.

Like collecting scrap and buying stamps? John:

Yes, but something else, too, something. Mother said this morning. Jean:

I didn't quite understand.

What did she say? John:

She said if I ate all my oatmeal I could help win the war. But I Jean:

don't see how that helps, do you?

No, let's ask her. Here she comes now.

Mother, what did you mean when you said I could help win the war Jean:

if I ate all my oatmeal?

I'm glad you asked me, Jean. I'll try to explain it to you because Mother: it is very important that we do not waste any food. You remarker what a fine garden we had last summer? There were many gardens all

over the United States like ours and there will be many more next summer. There are also a great many farms that raise wheat end corn and cows and other products which are sold for food. In our town there are people, and in our entire country there are more men and women and children than we can imagine. And every one of them

gets hungry just like you do.

John: And do they get as much to eat as I do?

Mother: No, they don't. That's the sad part of it. There is enough food grown on our farms and gardens for every one to have all he needs, but like ourselves many people are just learning how precious our

food supply is.

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Jean:

I don't see what that has to do with my oatmeal. No one can eat the oatmeal I leave in my dish.

Mother:

No, of course not, dear. I'll explain another way. Let's have a pretend party and invite a soldier and a little Dutch boy.

John:

Oh, goody, I want to be the little Dutch boy.

Mother:

Can you imagine that you are very thin and hungry, that your farm home in Holland has been burned and there is nothing to eat?

John:

I'll try.

Jean:

You be the soldier, Mother, and I'll be me.
(They sit down around a table set with 3 peanut butter sandwiches, 3 carrots, 3 glasses of milk, 3 apples, and 3 cookies.)

Mother:

When our imaginary hostess serves me I'll take one of everything. You are so hungry that you take 2 of everything — Yes, Jean, I know you wouldn't do that if the little Dutch boy were really sitting at our table — So there's nothing left for the little Dutch boy.

Jean:

But I couldn't eat all that, Mother.

Mother:

No, you couldn't, but it's like the oatmeal. You took more than you could eat and much of it had to be thrown out.

John:

Wasn't there more food in the kitchen?

Mother:

No, our hostess prepared just enough for 3 people; so she hurried off to the grocery store to buy more. But the grocer said, I'm sorry. I don't have any more, but I'll try to get some from the farmer." The farmer said he had sold all he had and wouldn't have more until he could raise it next summer.

John:

And the poor little Dutch boy didn't get any?

Jean:

But, Mother, when we don't have company, then we have enough even when I do take too much, don't we?

Mother:

You have enough, but some one else may go hungry. Whenever we waste food I have to buy more. If you took on your plate only what you could eat, then I could use the food that's left for another meal.

Jean:

Maybe if I pretended that we had company like the soldier and the Dutch boy I would remember to eat everything on my plate.

John:

I know what let's do. Let's set an extra place for the Dutch boy and pretend he's eating with us.

Jean:

That would be fun. May we, Mother?

Mother: If that would help you to remember to clean your plates, we'll

try it.

Oh, good. I'm going to tell Mary and Ty about it. Maybe they will want to do it, too. Come on, John. Jean:

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